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I can still smile, I can still laugh

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Chapter 1 by Maxwell Black (The definition of Sadistic)

My new job changed a lot of things. It changes the way people look at me. Yes, I know its not normal for a 15 year old boy to carry around a scythe, but whatever. They can deal with it. Wait...

No...

They cant.

You mock me, I kill you.

Simple.

Even though that is still considered murder, I really don't care. So long as I can smile, I'm fine! I mean, that's what life all about right? Being happy. Having fun. So as I walk around with my scythe, killing as I please, running from the police, hiding from other grim reapers, I still smile. Because

How sad the world would be, If laughter were to disappear...

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